great suavity might be brought together. That was an illusion in the case of the war which inspired Velazquez's picture, but there was no illusion about the fact that the meeting of Grant and Lee, the honourable terms which Grant conceded to Lee, and the rapidity with which the wounds of the war healed, were the result of the spirit that Lincoln had instilled.

There is a great tradition of temperateness towards the beaten which runs through our history. One sees it in Edward III. and the Black Prince, though it goes further back than that, and one sees it just as notably in Nelson, who said that when men became his prisoners he became their protector. All that tradition manifested itself in Lincoln because he was a man of consummate good breeding. If we were asked through what particular channels he had derived his sense of the tradition, we should say through Puritanism and through his study of the Common Law of England. Mr. Root indicated in his speech at the unveiling of the statue that the Common Law and representative government are the joint possession that binds together inseparably the ideals of the two countries But although Lincoln had in an unparalleled degree this temperateness and the power to appreciate the point of view of the other side, he had no trace of that kind of intellectual or moral pusillanimity which shrinks from a severe course because it means at the moment fearful hardship and suffering. He could always take the long view and detect the cases in which an easy and apparently indulgent accommodation would lead to greater misery in the long run. Thus he never faltered in his belief that the war must be won outright. He knew that if he yielded to those who deplored the slaughter—though no one could possibly deplore it more than he himself did—and patched up a compromise, he would have sown the seeds of unceasing trouble in the future. In the same way, when he had become convinced that conscription was necessary, he was not for a moment intimidated by the Irish rising. "Apply the Draft," he ordered. And when hundreds of rebellious Irishmen were killed and wounded in the riots, he saw that what had happened could not have been otherwise. In his loyalty to his colleagues and his generals, in his perception of the occasions when it was necessary to be adamantine and when it was permissible to yield, in his faculty for comforting while he was compelled to keep in being the forces that daily administered terrible bereavements, Lincoln was a very great gentleman.

In bringing our brief appreciation to an end we must not omit to mention Lincoln's superb gift of language. We have so often and during so many years quoted from Lincoln's letters to his generals, from his memorable Second Inaugural, from his dedicatory speech on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and so on, that we must not return to the subject now except in a very few words. Students of literature and oratory know that the golden tongue and the inspired pen are not often possessed by the same man. Lincoln could write as well as he could speak. One hardly knows which he did the better. His models were the simplest, most dignified and most austere founts of the English language. He probably read little, but what he did read he read with amazing discrimination, with affectionate regard and with an infallible sclective taste. An eminent representative of the American people has been good enough to say that Westminster Abbey, almost under the shadow of which the Lincoln statue stands, belongs not only to this country, but to the great offshoots of this country. It is not only ours but theirs. In giving us the statue of Lincoln—and, what is very much greater than that, the whole example of Lincoln—the Americans have enabled us to say that what is theirs is also ours.

MR. ROOT'S SPEECH.

WE are delighted to have the opportunity of setting before our readers not only in this country but in the British Empire and the United States Mr. Root's speech at the unveiling of the Lincoln Statue—one of the most memorable speeches ever made even within the great oratorical ambit of St. Stephen's. It is owing to the personal kindness of Mr. Root that we are enabled to publish the speech in its complete form :—

By authority of His Majesty's Government, a statue of an American has been set up in the Canning Enclosure—where on one side Westminster Abbey and on another the Houses of Parliament look down upon it; where it is surrounded by memorials of British statesmen whose lives are inseparable parts in the history of the Kingdom and of the Empire; and where the living tides of London will ebb and flow about it. The statue is the work of Augustus St. Gaudens, son of a French father, native of Ireland, and greatest of American sculptors. The American commemorated is Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States. In behalf of the American donors, I now formally present the statue to the British people.

Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12th, one hundred and eleven years ago, in a log cabin among the mountains of the State of Kentucky. He came into a frontier life of comparative poverty, labour, hardship, and rudo adventure. He had little instruction and few books. He had no friends among the great and powerful of his time. An equal among equals in the crude simplicity of scattered communities on the borders of the wilderness, he rose above the common level by force of his own qualities. He was sent by his neighbours to the State Legislature, where he learned the rudiments of government. He was sent to the Congress at Washington, where he broadened his conceptions to national scope. He was admitted to the bar and won high place as a successful and distinguished advocate. He became convinced of the wickedness of African slavery, that baleful institution which the defective humanity of our fathers permitted to be established in the American Colonies. He declared his conviction that slavery was eternally wrong with power and insistence that compelled public attention. He gave voice to the awakened conscience of the North. He led in the struggle for freedom against slavery. Upon that issue he was elected President. In that cause, as President, he conducted a great war of four years' duration in which millions of armed men were engaged. When in his wise judgment the time was ripe for it, then upon his own responsibility, in the exercise of his authority as Commander-in-Chief, invoking the support of his country, the considerate judgment of mankind, and the blessing of God upon his act, he set free the three million slaves by his official proclamation and dedicated the soil of American for ever as the home of a united liberty-loving commonwealth.

The act was accepted; it was effective; African slavery was ended; the war was won—for union and for freedom; and in the very hour of victory the great emancipator fell at the hand of a crazed fanatic. It was not chance or favourable circumstance that achieved Lincoln's success. The struggle was long and desperate and often appeared hopeless. He won through the possession of the noblest qualities of manhood. He was simple, honest, sincere, and unselfish. He had high courage for action and fortitude in adversity. Never for an instant did the thought of personal advantage compete with the interests of the public cause. He never faltered in the positive and unequivocal declaration of the wrong of slavery, but his sympathy with all his fellow-men was so genuine, his knowledge of human nature was so just, that he was able to lead his countrymen without dogmatism or imputation of assumed superiority. He carried the Civil War to its successful conclusion with inflexible determination; but the many evidences of his kindness of heart towards the people of the South and of his compassion for distress and suffering were the despair of many of his subordinates; and the effect of his humanity and considerate spirit upon the conduct of the war became one of the chief reasons why, when the war was over, North and South were able during the same generation to join again in friendship as citizens of a restored Union.

It would be difficult to conceive of a sharper contrast in all the incidental and immaterial things of life than existed between Lincoln and the statesmen whose statues stand in Parliament Square. He never set foot on British soil. His life was lived and his work was wholly done in a far distant land. He differed in manners and in habits of thought and speech. He never seemed to touch the life of Britain. Yet, the contrast but emphasizes the significance of the statue standing where it does. Put aside superficial differences, accidental and unimportant, and Abraham Lincoln appears in the simple greatness of his life, his character and his service to mankind, a representative of the deep and underlying qualities of his race—the qualities that great emergencies reveal, unchangingly the same in every continent; the qualities to which Britain owed her life in the terrible years of the last decade; the qualities that have made both Britain and America great. He was of English blood; and he has brought enduring honour to the name. Every child of English sires should learn the story and think with pride, "Of such stuff as this are we English made." He was of English speech. The English Bible and English Shakespeare, studied in the intervals of toil and by the flare of the log fire in the frontier cabin, were the bases of his education; and from them he gained, through greatness of heart and fine intelligence, the

power of expression to give his Gettysburg address and his Second Inaugural a place among the masterpieces of English prose. He was imbued with the conceptions of justice and liberty that the people of Britain had been working out in struggle and sacrifice since before Magna Charta—the conceptions for which Chatham and Burke and Franklin and Washington stood together, a century and a-half ago, when the battle for British liberty was fought and won for Britain, as well as for America on the other side of the Atlantic. These conceptions of justice and liberty have been the formative power that has brought all America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to order its life according to the course of the common law, to assert its popular sovereignty through representative government—Britain's great gift to the political science of the world—and to establish the relation of individual citizenship to the State, on the basis of inalienable rights which governments are established to secure.

It is the identity of these fundamental conceptions in both countries which makes it impossible that in any great world emergency Britain and America can be on opposing sides. These conceptions of justice and liberty are the breath of life for both. While they prevail both nations will endure; if they perish both nations will die. These were Lincoln's inheritance; and when he declared that African slavery was eternally wrong and gave his life to end it, he was responding to impulses born in him from a long line of humble folk, as well in England as in America, who were themselves a product of the age-long struggles for the development of Anglo-Saxon freedom. The true heart of Britain understood him while he lived. We remember the Lancashire workmen brought into poverty and suffering through lack of cotton. When the Emancipation Proclamation had dispelled all doubt as to the real nature of the struggle in America, six thousand of them met in a great hall in Manchester and sent to President Lincoln a message of sympathy and support. This was his answer:—

"Under these circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and reinspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation, and on the other hand I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury, that, whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual."

We may disregard all the little prejudices and quarrels that result from casual friction and pinpricks and from outside misrepresentations and detraction, and rest upon Lincoln's unerring judgment of his countrymen and his race. We may be assured from him that whenever trials come, whenever there is need for assurance of the inherent power of truth and the triumph of justice, humanity and freedom, then peace and friendship between Britain and America will prove to be, as Lincoln desired to make them, perpetual. This man, full of sorrows, spoke not merely for the occasions and incidents of his own day. He expressed the deepest and holiest feelings of his race for all time. Listen to the words of his Second Inaugural:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Consider this letter which he wrote to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston:—

"I have been shown on the file of the War Department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

More than half a century has passed, but is this the voice of a stranger to the men and women of Britain in these later years? Because under the direct tests of national character, in the stress of supreme effort and sacrifice, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the souls of both Britain and America prove themselves of kin to the soul of Abraham Lincoln, friendship between us is safe, and the statue of Lincoln the American stands as of right before the old Abbey where sleep the great of Britain's history.

THE BOY SCOUT.

DURING the week the Press has been full of enthusiasm over the Scouts' Jamboree at Olympia, which closes to-day, and everyone who was able to visit Olympia must feel that the enthusiasm was thoroughly justified. Even to those of us who have worked with the scouts the Jamboree must have brought surprises, but to those of us who know the Scout movement only from outside it must have been an astonishing revelation of the inspiration, the imagination and the power of organization that have made the movement what it is. We have often seen scouts in camp, no doubt, and have smiled a little indulgently at the seriousness with which they took themselves; we have watched them in mimic warfare over the hills, creeping stealthily towards their foe like their traditional model, the Red Indian, or rushing an ascent with joyous whoop; we have stood by as they engaged in a great encounter with some village cricket team—and we have reflected what a pleasant opportunity the Boy Scouts movement gives of a jolly country holiday. We have passed them on trek, dragging their paraphernalia cheerfully along dusty highways, or swinging along unimpeded to the tune of a whistling chorus; or again, have admired them at some local gathering where they went through physical exercises with grace and precision—and we have reflected once more what an excellent opportunity the Boy Scouts movement gives to boys to become physically fit. We have thought how attractive the boys looked in their uniform, and compared them with the boys who slouch about the streets, unkempt and uncared for. We have remembered also that there were rules for teaching the boys to be courteous and to do kindly things for people, and have thought how suitable it was that the movement should thus be rounded off by a little moral instruction. And we have decided altogether that the Boy Scouts were a fine idea of General Baden-Powell and did him much credit. The war showed us the scouts in rather a different light. They were extremely useful with the Red Cross organizations; they were untiring and intrepid during air-raids, and none of us will forget the "All Clear!" from their bugles. But it was not till we went to Olympia that we realized how superficial had been our view, in what numberless directions the Boy Scouts worked and with what thoroughness every interest was pursued. We had looked upon them as primarily athletes in the making. Athletics is probably the main interest, but there are any number of others to suit the needs of all members. Each boy is encouraged first to discover what particular bit he can do, and then to do it to the best of his ability. He may be pilot or plumber, naturalist or star-man, entertainer or bee-farmer, woodman or weatherman, artist or handyman. Anyone who has doubts about the usefulness of the movement should read the qualifications for passing examinations in all the various branches, and particularly should they note the admirable clauses referring to the Public Health Man, Swimmer or Missioner. All the benefits of this training re-acts first, of course, on the boy's troop, but he is never allowed to forget that the objective of his organization is to be of service to the world. A charming little illustration of this is seen in certain passages in the Chief Scout's "Pow-wow" about the Jamboree in last week's number of the *Scout*.

"Remember, 'A Scout is Courteous.' There will be hundreds of strangers there, and if you can do them a small good turn it will tell them more than any book can do that the Scout is a gentleman. So be on the look-out all the time to do good turns to people."

A principal impression produced by the Jamboree is that General Baden-Powell has made usefulness romantic. It was a tremendous inspiration. Usefulness as usefulness, in its unadorned utilitarian aspect, is not attractive to the human boy. It was easy enough, no doubt, to get him to march and countermarch to the sound of the pipe and drum, to play the Indian brave, to wriggle through the bracken after a wily foe, to make a camp fire, to blow a bugle, to eat his dinner out of a tin in a field instead of round the dinner table at home. And for the sake of all these delights he would contentedly put up with a little discipline. But it was another matter to make him see